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THE COURTS.

CIRCUIT COURT convenes on the first Tuesday in April, third Tuesday in June, and first Tuesday in October.

COUNTY COURT convenes on the first Tuesday in January, March, and the fourth Tuesday of June and September—June is levy.

County Directory

Judge J. M. McWhorter
 Pros. Attorney L. M. McClintock
 Sheriff R. W. Hill
 Clerk County Court S. L. Brown
 Clerk Circuit Court J. H. Patterson
 Assessor J. H. Hogan
 Com'r's. Co. Cr. C. E. Beard
 Surveyor George B. ...
 Coroner George P. ...

BOARD OF HEALTH—Dr. J. W. Price, L. M. McClintock, M. J. McNeel, R. W. Hill.

JUSTICES—U. S. Bird, Marlinton; A. G. L. Gatewood, Linwood; P. D. Arbaugh, Green Bank; V. H. Grose, Huntersville; G. B. Carey, Academy; F. A. Bruffey, Tebella.

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ORDER OF PUBLICATION

State of West Virginia, Pocahontas County, to-wit:

At a public sale in the clerk's office of the circuit court of the said county, on Monday, May 21, 1900.

Matilda E. Maccomb, alias Matilda E. Wanslow, ... Plaintiff.

John S. Wanslow, ... Defendant.

The object of this suit is to subject to sale under attachment a tract of about 200 acres of land lying in Pocahontas County, west Virginia, being the residue of a tract of about 200 acres conveyed by Andrew Wanslow and wife to John S. Wanslow, on June 25th, 1878, belonging to the defendant, John S. Wanslow, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay to the plaintiff the sum of \$79.87 with interest on \$67.90 part thereof, from the 1st day of May, 1890, until paid, which amount is due said plaintiff as secured alimony under decree of the circuit court of Pocahontas County, west Virginia, entered April 3, 1890. In the chancery cause of Matilda E. Wanslow vs. John S. Wanslow, and the costs of this suit.

This day came the plaintiff by her attorney and on his motion, it appearing by affidavit filed that the defendant is a non-resident of the State of west Virginia, it is ordered that he do appear here within ten days from the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect his interests in this suit.

Witness, J. Patterson, clerk of our said court, at this court house this 21 day of May, 1900, and in the 20th year of the State.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk. S. B. Scott, Jr., p. y.

Trustee's S

URGENT to a trust made on the 1st of July, 1897, by William to the said trustee, and reside Clerk's office of the circuit court of Pocahontas County, Book No. 27, page 432, the payment of two cents each for \$50.000, payable at the People's Bank, of Charleston, W. Va., with 6 per cent interest 12, 1897, and paid to S. Woods, and sums of money said deed, and defendant has made in the payment of 10 said notes, and being the said bondholders, S. Woods, the undersigned will on the

4th day of June, 1900

between the hours of ten A. M. and four o'clock P. M. front door of the court in Pocahontas County, West Virginia, the town of Marlinton, to sell at public auction to the bidder the land, conveyed by deed of trust, comprising 1000 acres of land situated Pocahontas County, lying east side of the West Greenbrier River, and on follows:

Beginning at two maple trees, and year past, on bank of the Greenbrier River with the old line S 78 1/2 E to two poles and a bench low on the west side of it between the west branch of the river, 3 1/2 poles to the a small line, S 24 3/4 W 1/2 W, with 1/2 pole to two poles, and two benches on a side corner to the other 1/2 of the Slaughter land, sold to the same leaving line N 78 1/2 W 85 1/2 poles, at crosses the top of the dirt poles passes two marks trees by a small spring.

235 poles crosses a north branch of Paul's Lick Run poles passes a large mark on top of a spur of Pa Ridge, at 435 crosses the western fork of Paul's Lick 563 poles passes a mark on top of a spur of Pa Ridge, at 693 poles crosses Lick Run at six poles. Mud Lick, at 745 poles at top of the north spur of Camp Ridge, to two marks, and two benches on a bank of the west fork of house up the river with 1/2 benches to the beginning that tract of land conveyed to Matilda by Samuel L. and wife by deed bearing the 12th day of July, 1897, recorded in the clerk's office of the circuit court of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, in Deed 27, page 445.

Terms of Sale: Cash. Given under my hand day of March, 1900.

JAMES HOGAN, J.

Commissioners

Office of S. B. Scott, Com. Marlinton, W. Va., May

Pursuant to a decree of said Court of Pocahontas entered on the 5th day, 1898, in a chancery cause pending, entitled:

Amos Barlow vs. L. C. Arbaugh, late Sheriff Pocahontas County, and Administrator of L. D. deceased.

Will proceed at my office town of Marlinton, W. Va.

6th day of June, 1900

to take, state, and report the following matters of to-wit:

First: An account of administration accounts Arbaugh, late Sheriff of this County, and as such, trustee of L. D. Barlow, and concerning the same as trustee of L. D. Barlow.

Second: A statement of the amount due the claim Barlow from the said estate.

Third: Any other matter of pertinent by the Court or required by any party, and to be specially stated.

At which time and place those in interest are invited to attend. Respectfully, S. B. SCOTT, Clerk.

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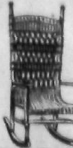
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JULIUS HINES & SON.
Dept. 909, BALTIMORE, MD.

LAW CARDS.

X. C. McNEIL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

H. S. RUCKER,
ATTY. AT LAW & NOTARY PUBLIC
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas County and in the Supreme Court of Appeals

J. W. ARBUCKLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LEWISBURG, W. VA.

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W. A. BRATTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

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PRESTON & WALLACE,
Attorneys at Law,
LEWISBURG, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Greenbrier and adjoining counties, and in the Courts of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

PHYSICIANS' CARDS.
DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,
DENTIST,
MONTGOMERY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

DR. J. H. WETMOUTH,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
ELKINS, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in The Times.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
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MAUD MULLER'S BIKE.

And Muller, on a summer's day, Mounted her wheel and rode away.

Beneath her blue cap gleamed a wealth Of large red freckles and first-rate health.

Singing she rode, and her merry glee Frightened the sparrows from her tree.

But when she saw several miles from town Upon the hill slope coasting down.

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest And a sort of terror filled her breast—

A fear that she hardly dared to own, For what if her wheel should strike a stone!

The Judge scowled swiftly down the road, Just then she heard his tire explode!

He carried his wheel into the shade Of the apple trees, to await the maid,

And asked her if she would kindly loan Her pump to him, as he had lost his own.

She left her wheel with a sprightly jump, And lo! less than a jiffy produced her pump.

And she blushed as she gave it, looking down At her feet once hid by a trailing gown.

Then sank the Judge as he pumped away, "Tis very fine weather we're having to-day."

He spoke of the grass, and flowers, and trees, Of twenty-mile runs and centuries;

And Maud forgot that no trailing gown Was over bloomers hanging down.

But the tire was fixed, slack away! The Judge remounted and rode away!

Maud Muller looked and sighed, "Ah me! That I the Judge's bride might be!"

"My father should have a brand new wheel!" Of the costliest make and finest steel.

"And I'd give one to ma of the same design, So that she'd cease to borrow mine."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill, And saw Maud Muller standing still.

"A prettier face and form more fair I've seldom gazed at, I declare!"

"Would she were mine, and I today Could make her put those bloomers away!"

But he thought of his sisters, proud and cold, And shuddered to think how they would

If he should, one of these afternoons, Come home with a bride in pantaloons!

He married a wife of richest dower, Who had never succumbed to the bloomers' power.

Yet, oft while watching the smoke wreaths curl, He thought of that freckled bloomer girl!

Of the way she stood there pigeon-toed While he he was pumping beside the road.

She married a man who clerked in a store, And many children played round her door.

And then her bloomers brought her joy She cut them down for her oldest boy.

Retaliation of the Judge she often thought And sighed o'er the loss her bloomers wrought.

Or wondered if wearing them was sin And then confessed: "It might have been!"

Also for the Judge! Alas for the maid! Dreams were the only stock in trade.

For of all wise words of tongue or pen, The wisest are these: "Leave pants for men!"

Ah, well! For us all that hope remains For the bloomer girl and the man of brains.

And in the hereafter bloomers may Be not allowed to block the way.

— Buffalo Commercial.

ACETYLENE GAS.

There was a time when the name kerosene was as strange to the average man as the name in the heading of this article. Yet it seems that acetylene gas is destined to become as much of a household word as kerosene oil, and surpassed only as to great extent as coal oil has candles.

It may be that there will be found families in this county who will never have used coal oil but will pass from candles to acetylene gas.

The writer had, of course, read of the recent discovery of a cheap method of producing the calcium carbide from which the gas is generated, but it was in a superficial way, and had not realized that probably the odor of acetylene gas would soon be as familiar to the children of men as coal oil, but now we begin to think it. While in Lewisburg, Mr. L. C. Steele, a plumber of Charleston, was kind enough to give us an opportunity of observing the effects of this gas.

It should be stated that acetylene gas has been known to scientists for a long time, but so way of producing it cheaply had never been discovered. A boy near an iron furnace lighted his cigarette and threw the match into a pool

of water. The pool took fire and burned. He learned that this was due to fusion of coal with limestone. Then with the knowledge of a chemist it was discovered that coal-dust and limestone if subjected to 5000 degrees of heat would fuse, and this forms the calcium carbide which generates the gas. The stuff looks like a cement made out of whitewash thickened with coal dust. For an experiment you break off a piece with a hammer and throw it in a bucket of water. The water immediately begins to boil. A match is applied and for several minutes the bucket of water burns fiercely. You pour off the refuse and find that the carbide has burned out and that a tolerable quality of whitewash remains in the pail.

This gas gives the most perfect artificial light in the world at one-third the cost of coal oil at its present prices. The calcium carbide retails at 1 cent per pound. In country stores to the extent coal oil is now. Keep carbide away from the air or water and it will keep forever. If air strikes it, it will sizzle; if water, gas will be generated. The generators arrange for carbide to be submerged in water until enough gas is formed, and the elasticity of the gas raises the carbide chamber above the water and no more gas is generated.

Fire insurance companies advocate this new method of lighting so it is supposed to be safe.

To illustrate briefly what the light is like, it is sufficient to say that dark blue cloth can be distinguished from black as well by its light as by daylight.

A CARD.

To the Democratic Voters of the 8th Senatorial District:

The Democratic press of this district having made kind and favorable mention of me in connection with the party's nomination for the State Senate; and, having been requested by a number of my friends to make known to the public my wishes and intentions in the matter, I deem it proper to make a brief statement.

I am not a candidate for the State Senate, nor for any other office, and do not expect to solicit, for the nomination, the support of any gentleman who may be appointed as a delegate to the Hinton Convention.

Under the rotation rule, which has prevailed so long that it has come to be a kind of unwritten law of the party, the nomination comes to Greenbrier this time, and I take it for granted that the county's delegation in the convention will insist upon an observance of the rule. If there be another gentleman in Greenbrier who desires the nomination, I will not throw a straw in his way, and if he be nominated, I shall be satisfied, and will, of course, support the nominee of the convention, regardless of the county from which he comes.

Having said this much, it is proper I should add that if the convention should see fit to name me as the party's candidate for the Senate, I will accept the nomination, and, fully appreciating the honor, will use my best efforts to carry our banner to victory, and, if elected, will be none the less diligent in the effort to render faithful and efficient service.

THOS. H. DENNIS,

Lewisburg, W. Va.

May 30, 1908.

A Bee Is Kept.

A girl from town is staying with some country cousins who live at a farm. On the night of her arrival she finds to her mortification that she is ignorant of all sorts of things connected with farm life which to her country cousins are matters of every day knowledge. She fancies they sneer around at her ignorance.

At breakfast the following morning she sees on the table a dish of very fine honey, whereupon she thinks she has found an opportunity of retrieving her humiliating experience of the night before and of showing her country cousins that she knows a thing or two about the honey business.

She takes a spoonful of the honey, and, looking at the honey, she says suddenly: "I ate too large a bee." — *Pearson's Weekly.*

For The Pocahontas Times

The Treasure Trove.

XVIII.

SUCCESS is never so sweet as when we have resigned our selves to failure. As it was

Weston thought fully as much about his chance of seeing his sweetheart as he did of digging up the buried treasure. He traveled by the first train, and as he would get there before a letter, he had mailed it after he knew he was going, he did not write. He thought surprised the child of the mail on a heart, and she responded.

This narrative can only read the love phases of the characters in a hurried manner. It deals with a much more important theme—money. We can go about among men without love in our hearts, and be an acceptable member of society, but we must have money in our pockets. And so we can not be expected to record every whispered word and every kiss that passed between the two lovers.

The billing and cooing of two young people, which is supposed to be a perfectly private performance, is described in detail by the ancient and modern novelist. We have been educated to read all this lifelike reproduction of their words upon each occasion without once thinking what these two estimable people—who have become real under the skillful treatment of the novelist—think of having this most sacred scene laid bare before the world. How can they go about among their acquaintances without some mischievous friend retelling scraps of that wonderful conversation. What a row would be raised when the jovial friend would quote, "On my bonded knees I swear it, Elaine"; or the equally jolly girl friend of the lady, when she got Elaine's answer would give a passage from the record, "Oh, Laurence! My prince and my king!" And Elaine will remember the last time she combed Laurence's hair for saying the baby was crying for meanness; and Laurence will redoubt on the time he got in a swivel because Elaine turned up his oldest pipe.

While we can not undertake to give the full details, we must before passing tell of the strange effect of Weston's sudden appearance at Mr. Saunders'. Mary answered the knock at the door and when she saw him standing there, the poor girl could not help her eyes shining like a happy child, and before Weston had hung up his hat in the hall she remembered that she had thrown off the reserve which was her disguise, and she blushed and became confused.

It all happened so suddenly that they themselves could not tell how it was. Weston had her in his arms, and Mary, who had wanted a place to hide her blushing face, was compelled to use his shoulder for that purpose and found it did very well.

After they had discussed some private matters relating to wedding, which it is unnecessary to divulge for the benefit of the curious, Mrs. Saunders entered the room.

Poor Mary's face revealed the secret. Let a loving young girl, whose life is so much one of oppression, discover by the best and most pleasant possible means that the man she had set her heart upon loves her, and the veil will be lifted for a time and her face will shine like an angel's in heaven.

Weston took courage by an indefinable look in Mrs. Saunders' face and told her that he was thenceforth to be her son, and, trusting him, she kissed them both and told them to be good children.

Thus having given a short statement of a very important incident, we will return to business.

Weston knew that there was a stream called Turtle Creek, a year before he had gone with a young boy to fish for trout in it. On that occasion while resting by a spring they had heard the sound of a muffled explosion, and the boy had remarked that that was Anthony Frangier dynamiting fish.

"Say, let's catch him," said young sportsman. "Then fell down at the courthouse his standing offer of \$20 for the arrest and conviction of a man who commits fish, and I've laid for Frangier lots of time, but I never do it yet!"

They stole softly around a beeping behind the willows. They crept cautiously from their place of concealment and saw a dead fish floating on the top of the water. A big trout which had yielded the temptations of the bait, had retired into the deep water that pool to five secure. They saw an old-man with a long grey beard at the lower end of the pool, waiting for the dead fish and putting them in a bag slung around his shoulders.

He had been to explode a charge of dynamite on the top of the water. This has the effect of only killing a large number of fish, but if done a number of times causes all fish big and little to abandon the stream. Hence this activity on the part of the sportsmen at the county seat to make an example of an offender. The Judge, who had sporting instincts openly declared that if a convict could be secured he would give him the longest sentence in his power.

Old Frangier had been suspected a long time. The Prosecuting Attorney had hired a man to watch him several times, but on those occasions he fished diligently with hook and line, and as he failed to catch an unusual number of fish, every one was morally sure that he was a dynamiter. But retribution was coming close now.

Weston and the boy had crept to a point opposite to where the dynamite had been used. They saw that old Anthony had got a few fish, but the water having cleared it was apparent from the shining place at the bottom of the water that the greater part of the fish had sunk. Anthony noted this, too, and set about getting them out. He took off his clothes down to the skin, and stood among the willows perfectly naked. He looked carefully around and seeing no one he ventured out of his place of concealment. He tried the water and found it too cold. The water of Turtle Creek was almost as cold as ice. He waded out to the centre of the stream in the shallow water at the head of the pool. There he hesitated before advancing into the deeper water for his fish. He stood peering down in the deep pool at them, with the water nearly up to his knees.

Just then down the woodland path tripped a dainty city maiden who was a summer boarder at The Oaks. Her way lay across a foot-log at the bottom of the pool and she was half way across before old Anthony saw her. If he had just stood still he would have probably been unobserved, but it occurred to him that the proper thing for him to do would be to submerge his body, and consequently he started to sit down.

The young lady had a very well defined idea that there were dangers unseen in the wood. Therefore, when she heard the loud

"Boh! Ough!" an involuntary exclamation, which Anthony gave as he tried to force his shrinking flesh into the cold water, she promptly fell off the foot-log, crying, "Save me!"

She recovered sufficiently to stand up in the water, clinging to the foot-log, and scream shrilly.

The old dynamiter hurried in the brush looking vainly for his clothes. The boy had stolen them. Weston helped the young lady from the water. She was badly frightened.

"What was that horrid animal?" she asked.

"It was a wild hog after fish."

"Oh! It seemed to be coming right at me. When I saw it I made such a horrid noise."

Weston saw the young lady out of the woods and received their protestations of gratitude. He returned in time to meet two constables, and they ran old Anthony up and down through the willows



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The Horrors of Nervousness.

Those who are going through the indescribable torments of this dreadful disease, require no description of the agonies they constantly suffer, but why suffer? Good blood gives good nerves, and

Johnston's Sarsaparilla

gives good blood. It is a nerve strengthener and restorer, the efficacy of which cannot be over-estimated; when it is learned that its absolute freedom from poisonous drugs or opiates, makes it safe for use in all cases, it is not surprising that it is so popular.

QUART BOTTLES.

perceived needs, there is an increased appreciation of it. JOHN-
STON'S SARSAFARILLA is a specific for impoverished or im potent
nerves; it feeds the nervous system to high health, provides for physical
and brain endurance, cheerfulness, happiness and energy.

Our thirty-c page illustrated book contains some interesting pages on Nerve Ra-
parition. It is for sale for 10c per copy.

WILLIAMS, DAVIS, BROOKS & CO., Baltimore, Md.

Liveries care indigestion and Sick Headache. 20c.

For sale by—
URIAN BIRD, Marlinton, W. Va.; and A. BARLOW, Hunterville

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They are here and coming in. We
hardly need say that early custom-

hardly need say that early customers get pick and choice of stock.

We show the newest and choicest in Staples and Novelties in all the lines we carry.

WE WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLD.

Goods from eastern markets received every week.

J. B. McMillan the popular salesman whose services we have secured for the season, takes this opportunity to invite his friends to call and see him when in town.

Make our place your headquarters when in town.

Yours to Please,

J. D. Pullin & Co.

Sampson Heard From!

WAR WILL SOON BE OVER,

And You can Invest in Buggies Spring-
Wagons, and Carriages.

We have just gotten in a car load of
fine Buggies and Carriages which we
are selling very low. Call and see us.

We can save you money and give you better work.

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We also make a specialty of repairing and painting vehicles of all kinds.

When in Town call and see our work.

Yours truly,

Hudgins & Shackelford,
Ronceverte, W. Va.

They calm pain and prolong life. ONE GIVES RELIEF.

R.I.P.A.N.S.
No matter what the matter is, one will do you

good, and you can get ten for five cents.